

"The first thunder storm of the spring wakes the snakes,' is an old saying," re n arked one of the professors of the Smithsonian Institution to a Star reporter, "and though it is not true scientifically, it is true to all intents and purposes, for thunder storms place themselves in evidence as seon as the spring is fairly opened, and about the same time the snakes begin moving about. They would move about just the same whether there was any thunder or not, for the warmth of the spring puts life into them. It happened that I was visiting some friends in Virginia last week, the day after the thunder storm. To reach the electric railroad I had about a mile to walk, and during that walk, although I did not hunt for them, I saw three snakes moving along my path. Meeting an old colored man, I asked him if he had seen any snakes, and he told me he had killed two in less that half an hour. Thinking that snakes were rather numerous in that section, I asked him about it. 'No, indeed, sir: snakes are scarce about here, and until today I had not seen any since last summer, but the thunder last night woke them up, and for a couple of days they will be rather lively.' I tried to explain to him that the thunder had but little to do with It, but he was sure it had, and I gave up the idea of trying to explain the phenomena. I find that the thunder idea prevails almost everywhere, and, though it is laughable from a scientific standpoint, it is so deeply rooted that I do not suppose it will ever be corrected.'

"The word 'limited' in connection with ecryotations and business concerns and firms," explained a prominent lawyer to a Star reporter, "is now in very general use. It originated in England, and almost every business concern there is a limited partnership. Of all the cities in this country Philadelphia has more limited partnerships than any other, though there was not one there twenty-five years ago. Philadelphia got the idea during the centennial, and, it having been found by experience to be a good thing, it has grown constantly. It means that those interested in a firm are only interested to a limited extent; that is, only to the extent in which it is stated in the articles of incorporation. The limit of one member of a firm, therefore, may be \$5,000, while the limit of another may be ten times that amount, or one-tenth or any other part. Thus, in the firm of Brown, Jenes & Company, Limited, Brown may have three-fourths of the stock, and Jones and the others the remaining fourth. It limits the responsibility, as it makes a member of the firm liable only for that which is named in the articles of incorporation. In this kind of corporations cr firms the law which allows them to limit their responsibility also requires that the word 'Limited' shall always be used in raming the firm, so that all may know exactly that, though there may be a large number of very heavy men financially in-terested in a concern, their interest and responsibility are limited. It is a fair thing all around, for it prevents the use of big names, which have sometimes been used to beom enterprises and corporations, when in reality the owners of the names have had but little interest in the con-

"It was Professor Schroeder of Louisville," volunteered a surgeon to a Star reperfer, "who first ventured the opinion that the negro never sneezed. The statement was made in reply to a question of Prolessor Gross, the famous Philadelphia surgeon, and in whose memory a statute was recently dedicated in this city. A smile passed around the listeners, and Professor Schroeder, observing that there was some doubt about his statement, reiterated it with some force. He then explained that while there were no structural arrangements about the breathing apparatus of the colored race that had been discovered which prevented him sneezing, it was a fact that the colored man did not sneeze, though he could be made to sneeze by the use of snuffs, pepper, or other irritants. He had, he said, never made any experiments in that connection. He also said his observa-tion had been confined to colored people in the southern states. Atmospheric or other conditions might exist elsewhere which light cause him to sneeze, but none existed naturally in the south. The debate of the subject occupied nearly an hour at a meeting of the International Surgical Assocution, which held a convention in the old Lincoln Hall some years ago. Since then, I have often spoken of it and asked my friends to notice, and though I have directed the attention of hundreds to the sub-ject. I have yet to hear the first one say ject. I have yet to hear the first one say that they have ever heard a negro man cr weman sneeze. By negro, I mean a black man or woman. I believe that mulattoes man or woman and the nearer they sneeze occasionally, and the nearer they are to white the more frequently they sheeze, but even they are less sensitive to influences which produce sneezing than the people of the white race. It has been observed also that Indians sneeze very sel-dom, while Chinese sneeze ten times as much, even, as the white race."

* * * * * * * The day of the lightning rod man has passed away," complained a former lightning rod canvasser to a Star reporter, "and it requires no further explanations from scientific authorities. The fact is, city people will not buy lightning rods any more. The only chance of selling lightning rods is in the country, where the idea still lingers that they afford some protection. There was a time when no city house was built without having a lightning rod, and, indeed, one on each chimney. Now there are hundreds of rows of houses in the city without any lightning rods, and they seem to be as safe from lightning as if they had them. I am not sure, however, that they are, for I have seen evidence time and time again of the value of lightning rods. There is no doubt but that they afford some protection in the country, where houses are few and far between, but even there the idea has grown constantly that they are without value. I had an experience some years ago with St. Ana's Infant Asylur in this city. The sisters in charge ordered a lightning red and a specially heavy and supposedly safe one was put up. The night following there was a severe storm, and upon investigation the next morning it was found that the lightning had struck the rod and knocked the tower of one of the roofs off. It might have been a great deai worse had there not been a lightning rod, but say all I could I could not con-vince the sisters that the rod was not the cause of the whole trouble. Indeed, I had to admit it looked that way, but I think on the whole lightning rods do much more good than harm."

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"Much is said and written about the transplanting of teeth," said a well-known and popular dentist to a Star reporter. "and there are many things in favor of the theory and practice, but so far such operations are not always attended with success. With careful handling may be two successes will occur in each five attempts. That in itself is a great deal, to those who get a solid, healthy natural tooth in the place of a decayed old snag. but more is demanded. I can give the names of lots of people in this city who now have good healthy teeth where they before very bad ones. In such matters it is only fair to refer to successes. not to the failures. No dentist who thinks anything of his reputation will guarantee any results. There are so many uncertainties about the matter that nothing can be guaranteed. My best success has been in taking out the tooth and filling it sarefully and then putting it back. Hun-

dreds of such operations have proved per-fectly successful. Getting a tooth from the mouth of another, however, is uncertain."

"One of the strange things in connection with the models of the warships, which have been on exhibition in the halls of the Navy Department for some years," said one of the Navy Department watchmen, "is the great rush to see them when they are temporarily out of the city. There are hundreds of people asking for them nowadays, while three weeks ago they were seldem asked for. It appears that the mosendem asked for. It appears that the moment it is learned that they are not here, the anxiety to see them increases. Explanations do no good. The models are now at Nashville. The same thing occurred when the models were sent to the world's fair at Chicago. Only today, a party of tourists came in and demanded that they be shown the models. I told them that they had been sent away, but they seemed they had been sent away, but they seemed to dcubt my word. They had the idea that the models were on exhibition in some of the rooms of the building and that they were being defrauded of some of their states. rights as sightseers."

THE SILLY WHISTLE.

A New Invention for Woman's Defense Against Flatterers.

This time it is a Washington girl in the field of invention, and she is likely to fill a long-felt want. A Star man took a whirl in society one evening last week, and liked it because he hadn't anything to do but listen to the talk of a bright girl.

"Well," among a thousand or two other things she said, "I do think of all men in the world to compliment and flatter, the men we meet in Washington are entitled to first place. And the southern men are ten times worse than the western men, and the western men ten times worse than the eastern men, and all of them are bad enough. I like to have a compliment paid me, and so do all women, but when it comes to the silly flattery some men ladle out, and believe that we don't know any out, and believe that we don't know any better, I just can't stand it, and I won't. Of course, you know that it is right hard for a girl to tell a man he is a fool for thinking she is one, and so she has to listen to anything he may say, however fulsome or foolish it is. She has the most beautiful eyes, the most beautiful figure, the most beautiful induce, the most beautiful induce, or any one of any number of attributes, all of which are in the superlative degree, and the man no more superlative degree, and the man no competent to judge of what is superlative than if he were determining the relative brilliance of the stars. The girl knows what is superlative, though, and she doesn't hesitate to tell everybody except the man that it is his silliness. But we have at last discovered some thing to protect us," she said, as if inviting the reporter to ask her what it was, and

he asked her.
"We call it the silly whistle," she responded, "and we have organized a dozen girls in our set, each of whom will before long carry on a little chain attached to her ring a silver or gold whistle, to be blown who wherever a management of the silver or gold whistle, to be blown never a man pays a compliment to a girl that she can't possibly stand. It is a very simple little device, and we hope it will be taken up all over the country by suffering womankind, and the men in be taught by its shrill call that they mustn't think because a man is a creature with a smooth tongue a weman is a fool."

The Old Man's Condition.

The lumber company's huge frame store sat among the houses of the saw mill employes as a hen sits among her chickens. The little cluster of mill, store and houses formed a picturesque group on the banks of the Cumberland river, where it spread itself and rested pleasantly in a pretty valley before it gathered its strength to sweep through a narrow defile in the mountains a mile or two further on.

It was a perfect day, and I was just lazy enough to be serenely satisfied in a hickory chair tilted back against the shady side of the store, with one toe pointing skyward call like that ought to be a bronze statue gar house and in turning the faucets to chair. A more definite outline could scarcely be given except in a picture, but nearly every man in the world knows exactly how o strike that position without a word or a

and spur-that is, a nickory withe and a bare heel or so.
"Say, mister," he exclaimed breathlessly, as he reined his steed back on his naunches, "kin you tell me whar's the

doctor?"
"What do you want?" I inquired, bring-

ing all four legs of the chair to the ground with a thud, and rubbing my eyes for larity of perception. "The doctor

"Yes, yes, I know. What's the matter?"
"It's the old man."
"Is he ili?"

The young fellow's excitement became

wilder.
"Ill?" he exclaimed. "He's wusser'n 'at. He's d— sick. Whar's the doctor?" and I hustled him along a mile down the road where our physician had gone to set a man's leg.

Her Great Wor.

From the Chicago Evening Post. She wept bitterly.

It would have been evident to even the most casual observer that she had met with some great sorrow.

"Alas!" she cried, "how can I bear it?" What has happened?" asked her dearest friend, sympathizingly, satisfied that nothing less than an ill-fitting gown could cause such an outburst of grief from one

who was ordinarily so self-possessed.
"It is terrible," went on the frenzied one.
"I find that the bicycle tires me too much for tennis and tennis tires me too much for the bicycle. Oh, what am I to do this

Usually the Way. From the Chicago Post. He was rather proud of his accomplish-

ments in a business way. "Do you know," he said, "I have learned to run a typewriter myself?"

"Have you?" she replied coldly. "Well, I understand that's the way with most men when they get a pretty one."

Of course it was useless trying to explain.

It only made matters worse, as it always

'Senator Voorhees' Retort.

From the Chicago Times-Herald

And there is a story about Daniel W. Voorhees, formerly United States senator from Indiana. He was a famous advocate in his day, and one of the most striking personalities to be met with in all the west. It is not saying an ill thing of the senator, who died recently, to say that he was slightly given to bombast.

One day he was arguing a case before an Indiana court and was displeased with a ruling. He expressed himself as astonished that a man with so limited a knowledge of the law should have ever succeeded so far in beguiling his fellow-citizens as to secure their commission to sit on a bench

for the trial of causes.

"The court will fine you \$10 for contempt of court, Mr. Voorhees," said the jurist.

Mr. Voorhees' retort was quick and

"May it please the court, your honor will have to name a sum far in excess of that if the court wishes to make a fine at all commensurate with the degree of contempt I feel." To be a perfect story it should stop right there. But in the cause of truth it must be recorded that Mr. Voorhees later apol-ogized, and the fine was remitted.

In Women's Eyes.

He-"What's the matter of Blanche Ped She-"Oh! that's her '96 wheel made over It's wretchedly unbecoming."

----"I guess," said Tommy, "that the poet who said, "The child is father to the man' didn't know what he was talking about. I tried it the other night, and got spanked and put to bed."—Harper's Basar.

A TRAGEDY IN VERSES.

Tale of a Young Man Who Loved With Too Much Tropical Luxuriance. As the poetry editor was casting his eagle eye over the flotsam and jetsam of contemporaneous human emotions which had drifted up on his desk during the interval when he slept, and was punching holes in most of it with a huge blue pencil, he was approached by a young man of four and twenty, who, though neatly dressed-

and a sorrow that clothes could not conceal nor wealth and position do aught but aggravate. "Good morning," he said, after a casual introduction by the office boy, who gladly hurried away from so much woe. The editor almost caught cold to look at

him, there was such a drafty air about the manner his clothes had of hanging to him. "How do you do?" he responded. "What can I do for you today?" can I do for you today?"
"You are the poet cal editor, I believe?"

even elegantly attired, as one might sayshowed in his face the ravages of a care

"No," smiled the editor coyly. "I edit the poetry. Some persons say that I am anything but a poetical editor. They are even so unkind as to say that I don't know peetry from Adam's off ex." "Ah," murmured the caller, "I think I understand your clever differentiation. have brought you a tragedy in verse which

I want you to look at."
"Hadn't you better add a few lurid pictures and sell it to one of the magazines for
a Christmas page or something like that?" "Do not ridicule me, sir," pleaded the visitor so pathetically that the poetry editor really felt sorry that he had spoken. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, of course. May I see what you have?" replied the visit.

see what you have?"
"May I read it to you?" replied the visi-Again that plead in the voice of the visi-tor, he itating.

Again that plead in the voice of the visi-tor won, and the editor submitted to an cutrage he had never submitted to before.

He had gone further; he had violated the code of editorial ethics

He had given permission to a poet to read his own poetry to the editor in the very room of the editor.

But the visitor did not know what he had

"This poetic tragedy in my young life," said he, slowly, as he carefully unwound a bit of black ribbon from his manuscript, "I call 'The Throbfulness of a Throbbing Heart,' and I am the person referred to in its lines. It is not the story of my life, sir, but it is the saddest chapter in that story. The first starza of it, sir, is as follows. Listen:

" I was steeped in the tropical splendor of Love, I reveied in pulsating throblets of Joy, I was chin deep in Blisses direct from Above, And life was pure golden without alloy." The editor actually wiped his brow as the

"Jeemimy," he exclaimed, in warm, sympathetic tones, "that reminds a body of one of those Cleopatra excursions they used to have on the Nile, doesn't it? There's a rustle of sliken sails and a kind of a swish of nice warm water around the feathery edges of silver oars, and things like that, isn't there? Got any more?" "Thank you," sighed the visitor. "The next verse is thus:

'I knew not a shade in the Summer sun's string, I felt not a shiver in all of this glow, thought that the world and its treasures were

And that all that she said simply proved it were "Of course, of course; you bet it would," commented the editor, in the friendliest tone imaginable. "I have been there myself and know just how you felt about it. Women are all-fired smooth in their lan-guage, aren't they? I've seen them that butter wouldn't melt in their mouths. I remember when I was about your age and thought there was only one woman in the world and she didn't love me, that I"-but at this point the editor was recalled to conclousness by a look at the visitor's face, and he hastened to beg his pardon and ask

for another verse.

Think of it! An editor asking a poet before him to read his verses.
"The third throb," responded the visitor,
"is in this strain:"

"I heard the soft music of low, houled words,
That measured their time by the beats of my
heart;
It seemed to me only the singing of birds,
in rhythmic farewells as we clasped hands to
part." "By the tapers of mud!" exclaimed the

editor rapturously, "you are a loo loo when it comes to hitting them off with a poem, you are. I don't know how the story's on the north side of the park. See?'

It cannot be said to what further extreme the editor might have gone, but he caught sight of his caller's face and once more stopped and applogized.

After this applogy the visitor bowed his and was kicked, but fortunately was but little hurt. The horse is a pet and was never known to kick befor? He conditions the caught sight of the conditions are conditionally was but little hurt. The horse is a pet and was never known to kick befor? He conditions the caught sight of the caught sight s As I sat dozing and dreaming my reveries were disturbed by a young moutaineer of twenty riding up to the store under lash and spur-that is, a hickory withe and a bare heel or so.

Atter this apology the visitor bowed his head and quickly wiped a tear from his dark blue eye.

"You will pardon me, I hope, sir," he said plaintively, "but the next portion of did not get killed.

From Fliegende Blatter.

the poem can only be left to the imagination, as it is atterly beyond my power of language to express, and you will be comlanguage to express, and you will be com-peled to fill the space with stars. In it, though is the tragedy of which I spoke to you, the tragedy of my young life, which is only shadowed forth, darkly as of some ghostly visitant, in the last verse, which is as follows:

as follows:

"And now there's nothing to think of but leaves, All savesed and susted and otherwise frazzled; While silent, in sackcloth, sweet Charity grieves, For him who y her was bewilderingly duzzled."

"Well, began the editor, but caught himself in time, "and you didn't get her after all," he said; "Now that's a shame, isn't it? Why the deuce didn't you—," and once again the editor caught himself ere it was too late. "May I take the manuscript a moment?" he asked softly as he extended his hand.

"Certainly, sir," replied the visitor, "but it is not to be published—the editor was about to fall in a faint—"at least not now, sir. Wen't you be so kind, sir, as to lay it away, and when the June roses bud and the world is glad with the riant life of the blossom time, some day there will be a brief little green heads."

blossom time, some day there will be a brief little story handed in by some one of your reporters who collect the insignificant trifles out of the seething caldron of events. which may have as an introduction this poem which I have just read to you. The story I refer to will be a pathetic story of the fading from the earth of a broken-hearied man, and poesy will best bring its pathos into relief. There will be a wedding notide in the paper of the same date and all I ask of you is that you will let the two notices stand side by side on the same page. Here is the date of the wedding on this invitation, and the other notice will be

this invitation, and the other notice will be ready when the—"
"Excuse me," interrupted the poetry editor, dropping the poem most inconsiderately, "but if you are contemplating the mortal-ool-shuffling act, just for a little thing like a girl marrying some other fellow, you'll have to see the city editor, or the obitinary man. Here take your poem. obituary man. Here, take your poem along. That's the chap over there by the window, with the Axminster carpet hair and the fire alarm whiskers," and the poe-try editor opened the window to get the animy air out of the room W. J. LAMPTON.

ENGLAND TO TRY A NEW BULLET. it is Intended to Increase the Stop ping Effect of the New Rifles.

From the New York Sun. Reports received at the Navy Department from abroad tell of the disappointment in the leading services over the failure of the new small arm bullet in general use to produce the desired stopping effect or damage upon hitting an object. Extensive experiments have been made to devise some means of increasing the effectiveness of the bullet without facreasing the caliber of the gun, and as the result of those conducted by Great Britain that country has adopted new bullet. It is similar to the Tweedie bullet, and of the same shape as the old one, but with a hollow base lined by the jacket, which is made thin at the point, and the lead core is slightly exposed. The lead is filled in from this end, the idea being for the bullet to upset or room on striking an object, and thus increase the size of the wound.

The United States navy is being supplied with 10,000 rifles of .254 caliber. This small caliber was adopted only after several years of discussion by the naval ordnance experts, as there was much opposition to a gun smaller than the .30-caliber used in the army. The opponents of the smaller gun say it has not the stopping effect of the old Remington and that the new lead pencil size bullet will cut a clean, round hole through a man and still not interfere for a time with his fighting unless some **extent** point is pierced. On the other hand, greater stress has been laid on the destructive qualities of the bullet than on any other feature of the new gun

Now Waiting to Be Killed.

From the Springfield Republican. The luck of a Randolph man is some thing surprising, according to his local paper. On going to the creamery on a recent morning, he lost his horse blanket, and on the way home he lost his overcoat. While unhitching his horse one holdback caught on the thill and the horse, struggling to free itself, was thrown down and broke one of the thills, the broken piece injuring the horse in such a way that per haps it will be of no further use. That same day he was offered \$80 for the horse

THE OBLIGING AUNT.



"Come, children, I'll play 'blind cow' with you-



"Where are you?-



"Whom have I by the listr?"







Written Exclusively for The Evening Star. An Honest Envy.

mented her friend.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Cayenne. That shows what it is to be a queen. It makes me positively envious." "I thought you were a thorough republican in your ideas of government," com-

"So I am, and I realize that even if we had a monarchy, the population of this country is so great that my chance would e no more than about one in 70,000,000." "What has started this train of thought?" "I was reading about the queen's jubi-

"But I shouldn't think you would care to be simply gazed at by a vast crowd of people, who could not by any possibility regard as personal friends or even acquainances. "It isn't that, I was reading of the

"Why, I understood that she is going to have the head-wear, with large black plumes, that she has used for years past n public occasio That's just it. That's where I envy her. Just think of the independence that she must enjoy when she can do that without the slightest fear that the other women

will turn around and whisper to one another, 'Dear me! If Victoria isn't wearing that same old bonnet!" The Refinement of Scorn. Melancholy had been doing her best to

mark the umpire for her own, but up to



sibilities thrust upon them in this life them in this life. Quick of speech, haughty and overbearing, and wholly indifferent to the rights of others, he delivered his declaions in a way which sions in a way which almost invariably commanded respect, even though it falled to carry conviction. But the penalty which he paid for

success in his career was a heavy one. His disposition was irretrievably ruined; he had become habitually sarcastic. The player upon whom three strikes had just called was speaking up with all the en-thusiasm of a man who realizes that this is a free country, and that the voice of the people as it ascends from the bleaching ooards is on his side.
"T'ree strikes no!tin'!" was the loud, la conic comment which caused the umpire to look upon him with a majestic glare and exclaim:

"Whut's dat?" "I said t'ree strikes nottin', an' dat's The altercation proceeded until, in a paroxysm of indignation, the player lifted his bat as a weapon.
"Look out!" shouted one of the players. "He's goin' to hit ye."

But the umpire never flinched.

"Don't you have no fears," he said, as he stood in statuesque defiance. "After whut he's been doin' at the bat I don't feel that I'm runnin' no risks whatever. He may strike at me, but there ain't any mortal chance of his touchin' anythin'."

A Sybarite.

Go 'way; don't yoh temp' me, honey, Talkin' "work" so free; Don't yoh tell me 'bout no money; Huyh's er spot dat's half-way sunny; Good enough foh me. World is full o' people dat'll Drive de kyaht an' make 'er rattle: Plow de fields an' feed de cattle. All I wants-you take de res'-

Is only jes' Laziness. When de sky is blue an' beamin', All I axes you Is ter lef me ter dat dreamin' Dat de whole earf does be seemin'

Ter invite me to. You kin hab de wealth an' praises And de grandness dat amazes: Whut I prizes dese yere days is, I is ready ter confess, Laziness. Only jes' dat summer feelin'-

I don't want no mo', When de breezes come a-stealin' Whah de roses is revealin' All dat splendid glow. I ain' bothered wif ambition: don't hunt foh no position. Saterfied wif my condition, I keeps whut I lubs de bes' Only jes' Laziness.

The Power of Mathematics.

The man who is always ventilating grievance was talking very loud to the bland and patient railway attache, on his favorite theme, the greed of corporations. "Look at the charges imposed by the railroads!" he exclaimed. "Think of making a man pay \$6 merely for going from Washington to New York! It's an unhallowed imposition on public rights." "Look here," said the railway man,

you know how far it is to New York? It's considerably over 200 miles." "Of course. But it's time that counts; not distance. Your road only works a few hours getting a passenger there."

"It's time that I'm talking about. I don't want to inquire too closely into your private affairs, and for the sake of a calculation, we'll assume that your time is worth \$20 a day." The discontented man coughed slightly and said, "That's near enough for all prac

"Now, allowing that the conditions were favorable, you wouldn't expect to walk that far, over the highways, which are, of course, absolutely free, in less than seven "Very well; that would make the trip cost you the equivalent of just \$140, not counting what you would unavoidably spend for meals and lodging, nor the wear and tear on clothing and shoe leather. Subtract the \$6.50 we charge you from \$140, and it leaves a saving of \$133.50, not counting extras. What do you want us to do? Write out checks in your favor and mail 'em to

Another Reformer.

"Dah's er heap o' changes goin' on at dis present time, ain't dey?" said the old colored man, thoughtfully. "In what way?" inquired the District

"In de way dishere gov'ment's bein' run." "But dar ain' changes 'nuff, yit. Dey's ione overlook one er de gret needs er de day. I wonduh ef I could git er chance ter

"Of course. Freedom of speech is one of this country's most glorious boasts." "Mebbe yoh kin tell me whah I could fin' de commander-in-chief ob de S. P. C. A. I's got er suggestion ter bring ter his 'ten-

gib any advice?"

"Dat 'sociation hez done got ter 'scriminatin'. An' anybody knows dat one of de wust t'ings foh er gov'ment ter git ter gran



doin' is 'scriminatin'. Day's been er payin' doin' is 'scriminatin'. Day's been er payin' all dah 'tention ter hosses an' yuthuh fo'-legged animiles an' forgittin' dah solemn duties in elsewhah. Does yer know why I's stan'in' hyuh tellin' dese all facks 'stid er bein' ter work? It's 'case er man come er long an' tuck mer mule out'n de hahness an' 'clahed dat ef I didn't gib 'im er res' I gwineter go befo' de iedge."

gwineter go befo' de jedge."
"Wasn't there anything the matter with the mule?

"I ain' sayin' nuffin' 'bout dat. But so long's dey git so pahtic'lar 'bout de way mules is looked aftuh, why don' dey take some interes' in how white folks 'buses dah chickens? Ev'ybody knows dat fraish air is necessary ter good healf, an' de way dey shets dem po' fowis up in er coop an' fastens de do' so' dey kain't hahdly draw fastens de 40 so dey kain i nandry draw er bref is scan'lous. Dem critters is used ter out-do' life an' hit's wrong ter shet 'em up so clus at night. But dey's so busy wif mules dat dey fohgits ebryt'ing else an' whut I wants ter do is ter staht er movement ter secure better ventilation ob chicken-coops." chicken-coops."

A Pharisce.

It truly shocks my better self To dwell in plenty in the town Where viands wait, upon the shelf, And hunger never dares to frown, And think on misery, which I know Exists in haunts not far away, And not be privileged to show Compassion for such dire dismay.

For, where the quivering shadows dip Luxuriant in the shady pool, And truant sunbeams lightly slip 'Mid cloistering shades so still and coo Some creatures ravenous there be Who, in their desperation, try To snatch the insects which they see In carelessness descending nigh

And so, on charity full bent, I long to take my rod and line And fill my soul with sweet content O'er this most generous mood of mine; To pity as a true man should A life with misery so fraught And bring to uses right and good The fish that's waiting to be caught,

Mr. Dolan Grows Apprehensive. "Rafferty," said Mr. Dolan, as he emerged from a brown study, "Would yez like ty discover what this country is

comin' yez like to know what the continyil clashin' av differ'nt elliments av society is goin' ty result "Oi would, in-dade," was the earn-

est reply. "Thin yez kin ask some wan thot knows, fur Ol'll nivver tell ye. An if ye do foind out the right answer, take my advice an' kape it till 'yerself, fur ye'll git no man ty belave yez. Look what they've gone an' done!" "What d'ye mane?"

"The Sinnit's had a brakeman put inty ine sinnit's had a brakeman put inty jail fur thirty days. Me daughter wor readin' it aloud ty me out av the paper."
"O'm gittin' so O! belave hardly anythin' O! see in some o' thim papers nowadays," commented Rafferty, with a sigh. "Look how they misripresinted Mark Hanna. Wan day they'd come out wid a ple ture showin' ture showin' dollar marks all over 'is clothes, an' the next they'd take it bolck an' show 'im wid a plug hat an' a Prince Albert coat. Some av thim wint so far as ty say his first name wor 'Marcus,' thereby instruction he wor Eyetalian. Shtill, thot's got nothin' ty do wit the Sinnit's puttin' a brakeman ty jail. It seems loike there's always thrubble av some koind an' the railroad."

"What road whor he imployed an?"
"Old dumne. But by fravouint allusions."

"Of dumo. But by frayquint allusions ty him bein' a shtock brakeman, Oi gather thot he must hoy been worruckin' an a cattle thrain. Take the paper an' see fur After a careful perusal Mr. Rafferty an-

"There's ayther some misundershtandin here's ayther some misundershtandin' here or some mighty poor grammar. This paper says he wor a broker. Though what he broike besoides the law there's nothin' ty show. But he's wan o' thim folks thot kin listen ty the whistle blow at halfpasht seven in the mornin' widout loosin' a wink o' slape, an' git off ty go ty a ball game ony day he feels like it. He associates wid millinaires an' nabobs an

"An' they've put a man loike him inty jail!" exclaimed Mr. Dolan.

"They've done nothin' else."
"It's the mishtake av the cinchery.
What'll it lade to? You know as well as Oi do that there's nothin' makes the ordi Of do that there's nothing the person so shtuck up as associatin' wid people av wealt' an' prominince. The nixt t'ing we'll hov 'il be a select arishtocracy paradin' around, sayin' that they lived in the same jall wid this swell breaker, an' loike as not findin' people thot'il pass 'em out free lunch an' blarney an the strength av it."

"No, sor," said Mr. Rafferty, "ye'll niv-yer gir me ty think thet's it'y, "ye'll niv-yer gir me ty think thet's it'y.

ver git me ty think that's it's onythin' but a detrimint till a man's social shtandin' ty go ty jail.' 'An' what Oi want," replied Mr. Dolan,

"An' what Oi want," replied Mr. Dolan, "is ty preserve thot same way o' thinkin'. But how're ye goin' ty do it if they puts the crame delly crame in there? Av coorse, if the law wor such as ty sind 'im ty jail, there wor nothin' fur him ty do but go. But he oughty hov thought twoice whin he committed his original offinse an' considered the harrum he moight be doin' till his country. If it gits ty be the resolar considered the harrum he moight be doin' till his country, if it gits ty be the reg-lar t'ing ty hov ingraved invitations ty reciptions issued from thot place, an' pink teas an' shtrawberry festivals an' the bandplayin' an' carriages at the door, it's as like as not thot in the coorse av toime we'll be foindin' more people tryin' ty git inty the lock-up than thryin' ty kape out. Ar.' hevvin khows the burdens av the taxpayers is heavy enough as they are!" payers is heavy enough as they are!

Greatness.

"I hope," said Col. Stilwell to an acquaintance whom he had recently made, that you will allow me to have the extreme pleasure of introducin' a friend of mine, so that the pleasure of his convuhsation can be added to the other features which go to make the accidental meetin' of this little pahty of friends a most mem orable an' gratifyin' event, suh." "Certainly, colonel," replied the host of

the occasion; "bring him along. Who is "His name, suh, is Major Mott, suh.

don't think you have evuh met him. He is ve'y exclusive.' "Does he live here?" "No. And owin' to that circumstance

it's natural that you shouldn't fully appreciate the fact that he is one of the most remahkable men with whom it will evul be yoh privilege to claim acquaintance It will sound like a flight of po'try, sub, but I think I may say, sub, without fear of successful contradiction, that Major Mott is the pivot around which this entiah

solar system revolves, suh!"

"That sounds very much exaggerated,"
was the gentle remonstrance.
"I can prove the assertion. In the first place, most anybody will admit that so fah as we have any means of judgin', scientifically or otherwise, this earth is the most sequential planet that circulates "It certainly is, so far as we know."
"It certainly is, so far as we know."
"And thuh's no use of takin, anythin' we don't know as the basis of an abgument. It is also a matter of common noteriety that among the continents of this earth the one which excess in fertility of soil, grandeur of senery measuring above.

The **United States** Circuit Court

Has granted an injunction against all infringers of the patented Imperial Hair Regenerator, manufac-tured only by the Imperial Chemical Mfg. Co., 20, 5th ave., N. Y. and the learned judge on the benef-prenounced it "a useful and meritorous in sation."

IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR

FOR GRAY OR BLEACHED HAIR. Clean, oderless, lasting. It does not contain at atom of poisonous matter, will not stain the scalp and baths do not affect it. Neither does curling nor crimping. Price \$1.50 and \$3.00.

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and feminine beauty, the American continent stands fo'mos'."
"Undoubtedly," was the patriotic reply.
"And what is the greatest country on the American continent?"

"The United States."
"Exactly. Now follow me kyahfully. If there is any gentleman from Kentucky here. I know he will bear me out in the assertion that of all the states in the United States Kentucky can produce mo' statesmanship, mo' blue grass and mo' valor than any other. It is not necessary foh n.e to tell yea anything about huh achievements in the past and huh resources foh the future. And if you had come fum that state you would know as well as I did that the state of Kentucky couldn't get along without the town of Calhoun. And everybody in that town will agree with me in saying that Calhoun, Kentucky, suh, wouldn't be Calhoun, Kentucky, if it did not include Major Mott as a respected and influential resident."

She Would Not Stay. From Harper's Bazar.

"The situation of your house suits me, mum," said Norah McCarthy, who had visited the home of Mrs. Tenspot with a view of inspecting the inducements offered for her to assume the position of help-lady in the household. "I am glad you like it," replied Mrs. Ten-

spot, with becoming humility. "The pay you offer is satisfactory, too, and the number of people in the family. The room your help-lady occupies is pretty good, too, but I must ask you a few more

questions before I make up my mind to requestions before I make up my mind to re-main in your service."
"Certainty," replied Mrs. Tenspot, hum-bly. "Ask all you like."
"Do you ride a bicycle?"
"You"

"Yes"
"Mr. Tenspot, too?" "Do you provide a bicycle for your

"Yes, certainly. We have one for her exclusive use."
"I am glad of that. Some people to think that cooks ought not to ride a wheel." "Oh, we would not think of depriving or cook of that privilege."
"What make is the wheel?"
"The same as Mr. Tenspot's and my own

the Ripsnorter. "Then, ma'am, I'm sorry, but I can't Why not?" "I don't know that make. I couldn't think of ridin' anything but the Jimdandy make of bicycle. Good-bye, mum."

What He Wanted.

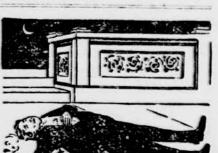
From the Chicago Post. The manager who was in need of a prese agent listened to the young man's story. but it was evident that he was not impressed.

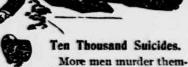
"I'm afraid you won't do," be said. "Possibly," returned the young man, bitrossibly, returned the young man, interly, "you doubt my ability as a writer. I would like to refer you to—"
"Oh, it isa't that," interrupted the manager. "You don't catch the idea of the joh at all. A good press agent should be an inventor rather than a writer. If he'll only inventor the stuff there's no trayble about

invent the stuff there's no trouble about getting people to write it up. ... Editor-"Have you submitted this poem nywhere else

Poet—"No, sir." Editor—"Then how is it you have a black eye and walk on crutches?"-Pearson's Weekly.

If you want anything, try an ad. in The Star. It anybody has what you wish, you will get an answer.





selves than are told of in the papers. A hundred men kill themselves by overwork, overworry, neglect of health, to one who uses a pistol. A man has a little trouble with his head, his stomach, his nerves—he doesn't sleep well, or feel well, and he doesn't pay any attention to it. He loses flesh and strength and says: "Bye and bye"

he will take a vacation. He lies to himself. What he needs is a tonic, a blood maker, a nerve builder. He needs Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the most wonderful health maker in the whole world. It puts the entire body into good order. It begins on the digestion. Makes the appetite sharp and strong—helps to digest the food—renders it easily assimilable—puts blood making, blood purifying properties into it. Sends it tingling into every fiber of the body. Puts cushions of flesh all around the abused nerves. Brings healthful, restful sleep—makes solid flesh—makes a new

man of you. If your druggist is honest, he will recommend it. If he is not, he will try to sell you something else.

Neglected constipation will soon make a man "not worth his salt." A listless, sallow, bilious man, continually suffering from headaches and heart-burns is unfit for business or pleasure. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Peliets cure constipation, They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild enthartic. They never cause pain or gripe. Druggists sell them.

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worry, excesses, abuse, etc.

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greated and rich and the
digestion perfect—it creates solid flesh, muscle and
strength. The nerves being made streng—the
brain becomes active and clear. It restores lost
vitality, stops all wasting drains and weakness in
either sex, and as a female regulator has no equal.
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